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Charles Ellis,
Maidstone.

M. 226. 51 } 22





Westall del.

Starling sc.

CYMBELINE
Imogen, in Boys' Clothes
Act III. Scene VI.

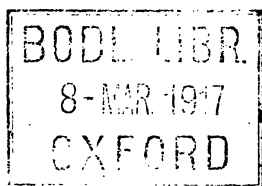
THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE,

ACCORDING TO THE
IMPROVED TEXT OF EDMUND MALONE,
INCLUDING THE LATEST REVISIONS,
WITH
A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AN INDEX,
AND
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
FROM DESIGNS BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.

EDITED BY
A. J. VALPY, A.M.
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.
VOL. XII.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1842.



Widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, Shakspeare has given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, such truth of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of coloring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the use; or only the entertainment of mankind.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAK.

XII.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The composition of this tragedy is assigned by Malone to the date of 1608, although no publication of it has been hitherto discovered anterior to the folio edition of 1623. Some of its incidents are supposed to have been borrowed from a production of Daniel, called 'The Tragedie of Cleopatra,' which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1593. The materials used by Shakspeare were derived from North's translation of Plutarch; and he appears to have been desirous of introducing every incident and person which he found recorded; for when the historian mentions his grandfather Lamprias as his authority for his account of the entertainments of Antony at Alexandria;—in the old copy of this play, in a stage direction, in act i. scene 2. Lamprias, Rannius, and Lucilius enter with the rest, but sustain no share in the dialogue. Of the three plays founded by our author on the history of Plutarch this is the one in which he has least indulged his fancy. His adherence to his authority is minute, and he bestowed little pains in the adaptation of the history to the purposes of the drama, beyond an ingenious, and frequently elegant metrical arrangement of the humble prose of North. The action comprises the events of ten years, com-

mencing with the death of Fulvia, B. C. 40. and terminating with the final overthrow of the Ptolemean dynasty, B. C. 30.

‘This play,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last: but the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice; but I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia. The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.’

ARGUMENT.

The government of the eastern provinces, awarded to Antony in the threefold partition of the Roman empire, enables him to indulge without restraint his natural taste for prodigality and dissipation; and the duties of his high office are sacrificed at the shrine of Cleopatra, whose influence is suspended by the maritime superiority of Sextus Pompeius, which recalls her admirer to the capital. A family alliance is here contracted with Octavia, the sister of Cæsar, who becomes the wife of Antony, and accompanies her husband to his seat of government, after the seeming restoration of public tranquillity. The success of Cæsar, who soon after defeats the forces of Pompey, and deprives Lepidus of his share in the triumvirate, at length alarms the effeminate Antony, who provokes the resentment of his powerful rival by his desertion of the amiable Octavia, and his renewed subjugation to the charms of the Egyptian queen. The hostile fleets encounter near the promontory of Actium, where the fortunes of Cæsar prevail, in consequence of the perfidy of Cleopatra, who betakes herself to flight in the midst of the action; and the infatuated Antony, following her example, is compelled to avoid impending captivity by resorting to the alternative of a voluntary death; while Cleopatra is reserved to grace the triumph of her conqueror, whose vigilance she contrives to elude by depriving herself of life by the poison of asps, secretly conveyed to her in a basket of figs.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} triumvirs.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,	
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	} friends of Antony.
VENTIDIUS,	
EROS,	
SCARUS,	
DERCETAS,	
DEMETRIUS,	
PHILO,	
MECÆNAS,	} friends to Cæsar.
AGRIPPA,	
DOLABELLA,	
PROCULIUS,	
THYREUS,	
GALLUS,	
MENAS,	} friends of Pompey.
MENEGRATES,	
VARRIUS,	
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.	
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.	
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.	
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.	
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; attendants on Cleopatra.	
SOOTHSAYER. CLOWN.	
CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.	
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.	
CHARMIAN,	} attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS,	

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed, in several parts of the Roman empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges¹ all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Florish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

¹ Renounces.

The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold, and see.

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cle. I'll set a bourn¹ how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates² me :—the sum.

Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you,—‘ Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.’

Ant. How, my love ?

Cle. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer ; your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ?³ Cæsar's, I would say ?—

Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame.

¹ Limit.

² It offends.

³ Summons.

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[embracing.

And such a twain can do 't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,¹
We stand up peerless.

Cle. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love,² and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cle. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and
note

¹ Know.

² i. e. of Venus.

The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra, with their train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I 'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,¹ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Another room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* SOOTHSAYER.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ? O,
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
charge his horns with garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is 't you, sir, that know
things ?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of secresy
A little I can read.

¹ Fame.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me to
marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me
with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than
figs.¹

¹ A proverbial expression.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.¹ Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow; you cannot sooth-say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

¹ i. e. be illegitimate.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis,¹ I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cle. Saw you my lord?

¹ A goddess worshipped by the Egyptians.

Eno. No, lady.

Cle. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cle. He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam.

Cle. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where 's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord
approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a MESSENGER and Attendants.*

Cle. We will not look upon him: go with us.

*[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras,
Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]*

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—
On:

Things, that are past, are done with me. 'Tis
thus;—

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;

Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,——

Mes. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ill told us,
Is as our earring.¹ Fare thee well awhile.

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a
one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

¹ 'When our pregnant minds lie untill'd, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them.'—M. Mason.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 *Mes.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though between them and a great cause they

SCENE II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment :¹ I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia ?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If

¹ Less reason.

there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat ; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose : I shall break The cause of our expedience¹ to the queen, And get her love² to part : for not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,

¹ Expedition.

² For leave.

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,¹
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cle. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cle. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does:—

I did not send you: ²—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cle. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in
nothing.

Cle. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

¹ In allusion to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse
dropped into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

² Appear as if I did not send you.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cle. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,——

Cle. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall fall :
It cannot be thus long ; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——

Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cle. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go :
Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here :
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,——

Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra !——

Cle. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen !——

Cle. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going ;
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : no going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' bent ;¹ none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven :² they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady ?

Cle. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst
know

'There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port³ of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

¹ In the arch of our eyebrows.

² Of heavenly origin.

³ Gate.

By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,¹
Is Fulvia's death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils² she awaked; at the last, best:
See, when and where she died.

Cle. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cle. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be.—I am quickly ill and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cle. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;

¹ Should reconcile you to my departure.

² Tumults.

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt.¹ Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood; no more.

Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,——

Cle. And target:—still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there 's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would:—
O, my oblivion² is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cle. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this: but, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

¹ i. e. to me, the queen of Egypt.

² Oblivious memory.

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Cæsar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæ. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news : he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased ;¹ what he cannot change,

¹ Procured by his own fault.

Than what he chooses.

Cæ. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must An-
tony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones
Call on him¹ for 't : but, to confound² such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours ;—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowlege,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter MESSENGER.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every
hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report

¹ Visit him.

² Waste.

How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
 And it appears, he is beloved of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæ. I should have known no less :
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
 Comes dear'd¹ by being lack'd. This common
 body,
 Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,²
 To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear³ and
 wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
 Lack blood⁴ to think on 't, and flush youth revolt :
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæ. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassels.⁵ When thou once

¹ Becomes endeared.

² Floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page or lackey at his master's heels.

³ Plough.

⁴ Turn pale.

⁵ Intemperance.

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st : on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæ. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæ. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord : what you shall know
 meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

Cæ. Doubt not, sir ;

I knew it for my bond.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cle. Charmian !

Char. Madam.

Cle. Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.²

Char. Why, madam ?

Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cle. O, 'tis treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cle. Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure ?

Cle. Not now to hear thee sing : I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

¹ My bounden duty.

² A sleepy potion.

Cle. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cle. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgoonet¹ of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cle. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

¹ A burgonet is a kind of helmet.

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl: his speech sticks in my heart.

Cle. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. ‘Good friend,’ quoth he,
‘Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,¹
Who neigh’d so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb’d by him.

Cle. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian ; 'tis the man : but note
him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy ; but between both.
O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad or merry,

¹ A steed looking fierce in armour.

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

Messina. A room in Pompey's house.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menec. Know, worthy Pompey,
'That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays
The thing we sue for.

Menec. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Menas. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Menas. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony : but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned¹ lip !

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

Fie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,

Even till a Lethed dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think,

This amorous surfeiter would have don'd² his helm

For such a petty war : his soldiership

Is twice the other twain. But let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Menas. I cannot hope,

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.

His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;

¹ Faded.

² Put on.

His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square¹ between them-
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

¹ Quarrel.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose¹ well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæ. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness² grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.

¹ Agree.

² Ill humor.

Were we before our armies, and to fight.

I should do thus.-

Cæ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæ. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæ. Nay,

Then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not
so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæ. I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæ. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise¹ on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.²

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæ. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

¹ Use bad arts or stratagems.

² Subject of conversation.

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you ;¹ you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,²
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæ. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted³ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle
You may pace easy ; but not such a wife.

¹ ' Their contest was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan.'—Steevens.

² For reporters.

³ Opposed.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils,¹ Cæsar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cæ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria : you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive² out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question³ wipe him.

Cæ. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :
The honor's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it : but on, Cæsar :
The article of my oath.—

¹ Commotions.

² Messenger.

³ Conversation.

Cæ. To lend me arms and aid, when I required them ;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowlege. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.¹ Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs² between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more words
of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak
no more.

¹ i. e. without my honesty.

² Grievances.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.

Cæ. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions¹
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæ. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæ. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,

¹ Dispositions.

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,

Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæ. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæ. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment. Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæ. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeathe you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, Amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;

At heel of that, defy him. .

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæ. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land ?

Cæ. Great, and increasing ; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæ. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !
—my honorable friend, Agrippa !

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there;—is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.¹

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

¹ i. e. correspond with her merits.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: ¹ at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame ² the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

¹ Made the act of humiliation become them.

² Readily perform.

Hop forty paces through the public street :
And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies : for vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Caesar's house.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
Attendants, and a SOOTHSAYER.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Good night, sir.

Cæ. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in
Egypt ?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion,¹ have it not in my tongue : but yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's :

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.

Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to
thee.

¹ My prophetic agitation.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails¹ ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,² at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius;
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.

² Enclosed, confined.

SCENE IV.

The same. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will ev'n but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount¹
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cle. Give me some music; music, moody² food
Of us that trade in love.

Att. The music, ho!

¹ i. e. Mount Misenum.

² Melancholy.

Enter MARDIAN.

Cle. Let it alone; let us to billiards :
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cle. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cle. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :
Give me mine angle. We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught!'

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires¹ and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.—O! from Italy?

¹ Head-dress.

Enter MESSENGER.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,——

Cle. Antony's dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cle. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cle. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favor¹
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.²

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cle. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

¹ So sour a countenance.

² i. e. a man in his senses.

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cle. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cle. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam,——

Cle. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence: fie upon 'But yet!'
'But yet' is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with
Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cle. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cle. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cle. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cle. What say you?—Hence,
[*strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I 'll unhair thy head :

[she hales him up and down]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mes.

Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cle. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot¹ thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes.

He 's married, madam.

Cle. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[draws a dagger.]

Mes.

Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault.

[Exit.]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
self :

The man is innocent.

Cle. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cle.

I will not hurt him.—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

¹ Recompense.

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
A host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cle. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cle. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam ?

Cle. O, I would, thou didst ;
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes ! Go, get thee hence :
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cle. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you :

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cle. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me : lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! *[Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cle. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cle. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence.

I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination ; let him not leave out

The color of her hair :—bring me word quickly.

[Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go :—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he 's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[to Mardian.

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum
and trumpet ; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY,
ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæ. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;
And carry back to Sicily much tall¹ youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honor'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear ² us, Pompey, with thy
sails.

¹ Brave.

³ Affright.

We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,
(For this is from the present¹) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæ. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.²

Cæ. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer ; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find

¹ Foreign from the point.

² Unbattered.

Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to
you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæ. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts ¹ harsh Fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæ. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and
let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

¹ Marks.

Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——

Eno. No more of that : he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now : how farest thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;

I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much ; but I have praised you,

When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness ;

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

Cæ. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Menas. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*aside.*] You and I have known,¹ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Menas. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Menas. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

¹ Been acquainted.

Menas. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Menas. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Menas. Pray you, sir!

Eno. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Menas. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Menas. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas. Come; let's away. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three SERVANTS, with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: some o' their plants¹ are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* Lepidus is high-colored.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.²

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,³ he cries out, 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan⁴ I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

¹ Feet. ² Another's share of liquor besides his own.

³ i. e. touch one another in a sore place. ⁴ Pike.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*to Cæsar.*] they take
the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison¹ follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun: so is your cro-
codile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll
ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll
be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'
pyramises are very goodly things; without contra-
diction, I have heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word. [*aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is 't?

¹ Plenty.

Menas. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
[*aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: and the tears of it are wet.

Cæ. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang!
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*aside.*

Pom. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*rises, and walks aside.*

Menas. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. 'Thou hast served me with much faith:
what's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Menas. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Menas. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Menas. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the
cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales,¹ or sky inclips,²
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Menas. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must
know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

¹ Encloses.

² Embraces.

I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink,

Menas. For this, *[aside.*

I 'll never follow thy pall'd¹ fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him.
Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Menas. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.

Menas. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man ; seest not ?

Menas. The third part then is drunk : would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

Menas. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,
ho !

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæ. I could well forbear it.

¹ Impaired.

It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæ. Possess¹ it, I'll make answer: but I had
rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [to Antony.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: then the boy shall
sing;
The holding² every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[music plays. *Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;³
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.
Cup us, till the world go round!
Cup us, till the world go round!

¹ Understand.

² Burden, chorus.

³ Eyes inflamed with drinking.

Cæ. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarba
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antic'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt Pom. Cæ. Ant. and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Menas. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd: sound
out. [*a flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a! There's my cap.

Menas. Ho! noble captain! come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleased Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: thy Pacorus, Orodes,¹
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's
away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected :
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither with
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass
along. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. An antechamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!¹

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—
go no farther.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.

¹ The phoenix.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his
love

To Antony: but as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,¹ and he their beetle.

So,—

[trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, sir.

Cæ. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band²

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

¹ Scaly wings.

² Bond.

Cæ. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,¹ the least cause
For what you seem to fear : so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæ. Farewell, my dearest sister ; fare thee well :
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! Fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother !——

Ant. The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house ;
and——

Cæ. What,
Octavia ?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ? [*aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
horse ;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

¹ Scrupulous.

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound,¹ he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæ. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come:
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæ. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæ. Farewell, farewell! [*kisses Octavia.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cle. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

¹ Destroy.

Cle. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter MESSENGER.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cle. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,——

Cle. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cle. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cle. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cle. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued,
or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voiced.

Cle. That's not so good:—he cannot like her
long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cle. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps ;
Her motion and her station¹ are as one :
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cle. Is this certain ?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cle. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't :—there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cle. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is 't long, or
round ?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that
are so.—

Her hair, what color ?

Mes. Brown, madam : and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cle. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

¹ Standing still.

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That so I harried him.¹ Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cle. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long !

Cle. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write : all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Eaeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that ;—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import :² but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and
read it
To public ear :

¹ That I used him so roughly.

² Of similar tendency.

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.¹

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts : the good gods will mock me
 presently,
When I shall pray, ' O, bless my lord and husband !'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
' O, bless my brother !' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honor,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother : make your soonest haste ;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

¹ Indistinctly, unwillingly.

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;¹
would not let him partake in the glory of the action;
and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had
formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,²
seises him: so the poor third is up, till death en-
large his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;

¹ Equal rank.

² Accusation.

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A room in Cæsar's house.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæ. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and
more,

In Alexandria;—here's the manner of it.
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæ. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy¹ with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæ. The people know it, and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæ. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated² him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed ; and, being that, we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæ. 'Tis done already. and the messenger gone.

¹ Sick, disgusted.

² Assigned.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæ. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæ. That ever I should call thee, Castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæ. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage

SHAK.

XII.

F

With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæ. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæ. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus, of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæ. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;

Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment¹ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir ?

Cæ. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

¹ Authority, government.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cle. Thou hast forspoke¹ my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cle. If not denounced against us, why should
not we
Be there in person ?

Eno. [*aside.*] Well, I could reply :—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cle. What is 't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cle. Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done :
Here comes the emperor.

¹ Forbid.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in¹ Toryne?—You have heard on 't,
sweet?

Cle. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cle. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For² that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare,³ yours heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

¹ Subdue.

² Because.

³ Manageable.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowlege ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cle. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar : but if we fail,

Enter MESSENGER.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business ?

Mes. The news is true, my lord : he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse ; we'll to our ship :

Enter SOLDIER.

Away, my Thetis ! ¹—How now, worthy soldier ?

¹ He calls Cleopatra by the name of the sea goddess.

Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sol. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art ; but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't ; so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,¹ as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sol. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

¹ Separate detachments.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labor, and throes
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæ. Taurus,—

Tau. My lord.

Cæ. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the
hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one
way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of
Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is
heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer :

The Antoniad,¹ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :
'To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Sca. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Sca. The greater cantle ² of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Sca. On our side like the token'd ³ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize ⁴ upon her ! like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a farther view.

¹ Name of Cleopatra's ship.

² Corner.

³ Spotted.

⁴ The gad-fly that stings cattle.

Sca. She once being loof'd,¹
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing; and, like a doting mallard,²
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed. *[aside.]*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Sca. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ To loof is to bring a ship close to the wind.

² The drake of the wild duck.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY and ATTENDANTS.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon 't;

It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither;
I am so lated¹ in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders. Friends, be
gone;

I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbor; take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left

¹ Benighted.

Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway.

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command;

Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[sits down.]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him: comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cle. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie.

Cle. Madam,——

Iras. Madam; O good empress!——

Eros. Sir, sir,——

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes: he,¹ at Philippi, kept
His sword ev'n like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,² and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet low——No
matter.

Cle. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

¹ i. e. Cæsar.

² Fought by his officers.



H. Tresham del.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

Antony, Cleopatra, Envy, Charmian, &c.

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Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified¹ with very shame.

Cle. Well then, sustain me.—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches.

Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cle. O, my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cle. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,

¹ Bewildered.

Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cle. O, pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands: Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæ. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Do!. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæ. Approach, and speak.

Eu. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea.

Cæ. Be it so : declare thine office.

Eu. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle ¹ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæ. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request : the queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eu. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæ. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time : despatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, [*to Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thy-
reus ;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

¹ Diadem.

Will answer as a law.

Thy. Cæsar, I go.

Cæ. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;¹
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thy. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cle. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cle. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What, though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
'The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd² his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question:³ 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cle. Pr'ythee, peace.

¹ Bears his misfortunes.

² Defeated.

³ The sole occasion of the war.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eu. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eu. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cle. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons ¹ apart,
And answer me declined, ² sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder. I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of ³ their fortunes; and things outward

¹ The advantages of his good fortune.

² i. e. in age and power.

³ Of a piece with.

Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter ATTENDANT.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cle. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square.¹

[aside.]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cle. Cæsar's will?

Thy. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; say boldly.

Thy. So, naply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

• Quarrel.

Will leap to be his friend : for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that 's, Cæsar's.

Thy.

So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther than he is Cæsar's.

Cle.

Go on : right royal.

Thy. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle.

O !

Thy. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cle.

He is a god, and knows

What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno.

To be sure of that, [*aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thy.

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cle.

What 's your name ?

Thy. My name is Thyreus.

Cle.

Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this :—in disputation¹
I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying² breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thy. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace³ to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thy. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there ;—ay, you kite !—Now gods
and devils !
Authority melts from me : of late, when I cried,
'Ho !'

¹ Supposed to be an error for 'deputation,' i. e. by proxy.

² Obeying for obeyed.

³ Grant me the favor.

Like boys unto a muss,¹ kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am

Enter ATTENDANTS.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,² and whip him.

Ens. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (what's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thy. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?³

Cle. Good my lord,——

¹ Scramble.

² A term of contempt.

³ By one that waits at table.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel¹ our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cle. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher, nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cle. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, ' God quit you ! ' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare² about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he, and begg'd he pardon ?

¹ Close.

² Ready, adroit.

1 *Att.* He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
 sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
 forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar;
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit¹ me: urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes; be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cle. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes

¹ Requite.

With one that ties his points ? ¹

Cle. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cle. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
Drop in my neck : as it determines, ² so
Dissolve my life ; the next Cæsarion ³ smite :
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm, ⁴
Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, ⁵ threatening most sea-
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That 's my brave lord !

¹ With a menial attendant.

² Dissolves.

³ Her son by Julius Cæsar.

⁴ By the melting of this storm consisting of bullets.

⁵ Float.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day :
I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We 'll yet do well.

Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so ; we 'll speak to them ; and to-night
I 'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen ;

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ;¹ and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,

¹ Ostrich

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
and others.*

Cæ. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot¹ of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæ. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,

¹ Take advantage.

Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I 'll fight : or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honor in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well ?

Eno. I 'll strike, and cry, ' Take all.'

Ant. Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let 's to-night

Enter SERVANTS.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand ;

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—

And thou,—and thou,—and thou : you have served
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cle. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots *[aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Ser. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cle. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield to you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,

Howard.

To give them this discomfirt? Look, they weep:
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame!

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grew where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:

For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter TWO SOLDIERS, to their guard.

1 *Sol.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
day.

2 *Sol.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sol.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sol.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor: good night to
you.

1 *Sol.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter TWO other SOLDIERS.

2 *Sol.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sol.* And you : good night, good night.

[the first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 *Sol.* Here we : *[they take their posts.]* and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sol.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[music of hautboys under the stage.]

4 *Sol.* Peace ! what noise ?

1 *Sol.* List, list !

2 *Sol.* Hark !

1 *Sol.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sol.* Under the earth.

4 *Sol.* It signs¹ well ; does 't not ?

3 *Sol.* No.

1 *Sol.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 *Sol.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved, now leaves him.

1 *Sol.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen do
hear what we do. *[they advance to another post.]*

2 *Sol.* How now, masters ?

Sol. How now ?

How now ? Do you hear this ?

[several speaking together.]

1 *Sol.* Ay ; is 't not strange ?

3 *Sol.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sol.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;

¹ Bodes.

Let's see how 't will give off.

Sol. [*several speaking.*] Content: 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cle. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.¹—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cle. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

Cle. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cle. Is not this buckled well?

A term of endearment.



Ant. Rarely, rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't¹ for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen 's a squire
More tight² at this than thou : despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see

Enter OFFICER, armed.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[shout, trumpets, flourish.]

Enter other OFFICERS, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, *[kisses her.]*

¹ To put it off.

² Adroit.



H. Tresham del.

Starling sc.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

Antony, Cleopatra, &c.

Act IV. Scene IV.



And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cle.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Antony's camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; SOLDIER
meeting them.*

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sol. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sol.

Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus.

He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, ' I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sol. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sol. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men !—Despatch.—Enobarbus !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

Florish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.

Cæ. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agrippa.*]

Cæ. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Ce.

Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van.

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry, on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,

And leave his master Antony : for this pains,

Cæsar hath hang'd him. **Canidius**, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but

No honorable trust. I have done ill;

Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,

That I will joy no more.

Enter SOLDIER of Cæsar's.

Sol.

Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,

Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office.

Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a Jove.

[Exit Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows¹ my
heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I
feel.
I fight against thee?—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Erit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.

Agr. Retire; we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression²
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Sca. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

¹ Swells.

² i. e. the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

Sca. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Sca. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have
yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Sca. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Sca. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and
forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought

Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip¹ your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they, with joyful tears,
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honor'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:

[to Scarus.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts;
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness² to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cle. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we

A brain that norishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man:
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

¹ Embrace.

² Armour of proof.

Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cle. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand :
'Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe'
 them.

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together ;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;²
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's camp.

SENTINELS *on their post.* *Enter* **ENOBARBUS.**

1 *Sol.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : the night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sol. This last day was

1 Own.

* Small drums.

A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sol.* What man is this ?

2 *Sol.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !—

1 *Sol.* Enobarbus !

3 *Sol.* Peace ;

Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge¹ upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
O Antony ! O Antony !

[*dies.*

2 *Sol.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sol.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sol.* Let's do so : but he sleeps.

¹ Discharge, as a moist sponge when squeezed.

1 *Sol.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sol.* Go we to him.

3 *Sol.* Awake, awake, sir ; speak to us.

2 *Sol.* Hear you, sir ?

1 *Sol.* The hand of death hath raught¹ him.

Hark, the drums [*drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sol.* Come on then ;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Sca. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire or in the
air ;

We 'd fight there too. But this it is ; our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven. Let 's seek a spot,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Reached.

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.

Cæ. But¹ being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd. Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Erit.*

Sca. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowlege. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has and has not.

[*alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost:
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together

¹ Unless.

Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!¹ 'tis
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,²
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end;—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,³
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cle. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

¹ Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

² This destructive piece of witchcraft.

³ A cheating game, since known by the name of 'pricking at the belt.'

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives,¹ for doits ; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*] 'Tis well
thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live : but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury ; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor,² thy rage :
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall
Under this plot : she dies for 't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A room in the palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cle. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad

¹ For the smallest piece of money.

² Mark Antony claimed to be a descendant of Hercules.

Than Telamon for his shield : the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.¹

Char. To the monument !

There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive² not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cle. To the monument !—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish ;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world.
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these
signs ;

¹ Foaming at the mouth.

² Split.

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,

The rack dislimns; ¹ and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost;—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony;

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do,

¹ The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was,—‘ Antony ! most noble Antony !’
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render’d life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day’s task is done,
And we must sleep. That thou depart’st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labor richly ; go.—Off, pluck off :

[*Exit Mardian.*]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;¹
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier : bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon : so it must be, for now
All length is torture : since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—
Eros !—I come, my queen.—Eros !—Stay for me.

¹ i. e. the thing that contains thee.

Where souls do couch on flowers we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me : do't ; the time is
come :

Thou strikest not me ; 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd¹ arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble coun-
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

¹ Folded.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then.—[*falls on his sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCEBAS and GUARD.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had disposed¹ with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

¹ Made terms.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the GUARD.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate,

To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cle. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cle.

No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise : our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cle. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in ! darkling
stand
The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony, An-
tony, Antony !
Help, Charmian, help ; Iras, help ; help, friends
Below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace :
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cle. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony : but woe 'tis so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cle. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not the imperious show

Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd¹ with me: if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion,² shall acquire no honor

Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony!—

Help me, my women! we must draw thee up:—

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cle. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools.—O, come, come, come;

[they draw Antony up.]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast lived;

Quicken³ with kissing: had my lips that power,

Thus would I wear them out.

All.

A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cle. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

¹ Adorned.

² Sedate determination.

³ Revive.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Cæsar seek your honor, with your safety.—O !

Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cle. My resolution and my hands I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going ;
I can no more. *[dies.*

Cle. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war ;
The soldier's pole ¹ is fallen ; young boys and girls
Are level now with men : the odds is gone ;
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. *[she faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

¹ The soldier's object of admiration.

Char.

Lady,——

Iras.

Madam,——

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras.

Royal Egypt !

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cle. No more, but ev'n a woman ; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.¹ It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ? good cheer !—Why, how now, *Char-*
mian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart.
[to the Guard below.

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

¹ Task-work.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,
GALLUS, PROCULBIUS, and others.*

Cæ. Go to him, Dolabella; bid him yield:
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit Dolabella.]*

Enter DERCEBAS, with the sword of Antony.

Cæ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
darest
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæ. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæ. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: the round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice,

Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,

Which writ his honor in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Split the heart. This is his sword;

I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood.

Cæ. Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament

Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors

Waged equal with him.¹

Agr. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

¹ Were opposed to each other in just proportions.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæ. O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this ; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his¹ thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars.

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends ;
But I will tell you at some meeter season.

Enter MESSENGER.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress.

Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself

¹ For its.

To the way she 's forced to.

Cæ. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mes. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæ. Come hither, Proculeius : go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.—Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæ. Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit Gallus.*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella !

Cæ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Reeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A room in the monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cle. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,¹
A minister of her will ; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cle. [within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cle. [*within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him.

¹ Servant.

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You are fallen into a princely hand ; fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency ; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cle. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.¹ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[to Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus.]

¹ i. e. the crown which he has won.

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !

Cle. Quick, quick, good hands.

[drawing a dagger.

Pro.

Hold, worthy lady, hold :

[seises and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cle.

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro.

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cle.

Where art thou, death ?

Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen,
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro.

O, temperance, lady !

Cle. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither : this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry¹
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Egypt

¹ Rabble.

Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[to Cleopatra.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cle. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cle. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cle. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,——

Cle. His face was as the heavens ; and therein
stuck

A sun and moon which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,——

Cle. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail ¹ and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder : for his bounty,
There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : his delights
Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and islands
were

As plates ² dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cle. Think you, there was or might be such a
man

As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cle. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods :
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff

¹ Crush, overpower.

² Silver money.

To vie strange forms with Fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.¹

Dol. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cle. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cle. Nay, pray you, sir,——

Dol. Though he be honorable,——

Cle. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know 't.

[*within.*] Make way there : Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæ. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæ. Arise ; you shall not kneel :
I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cle. Sir, the gods

¹ 'i. e. Antony was more by nature than Fancy could present in sleep.'—Johnson.

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæ. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cle. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project¹ mine own cause so well,
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cle. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæ. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cle. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

¹ Shape or form.

I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where 's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cle. This is my treasurer : let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel¹ my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cle. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæ. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cle. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired !—What, goest thou back ?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings : slave, soul-less villain,
dog !

O rarely base !

Cæ. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cle. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;

¹ Close.

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honor of thy lordliness
 To one so meek,¹ that mine own servant should
 Parcel² the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserved,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern³ friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? 'The gods! It smites
 me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[to Seleucus.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a
 man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæ. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit Seleucus.

Cle. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
 thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæ. Cleopatra,

¹ i. e. subdued by adversity.

² Add to.

³ Common.

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours ;

Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe.

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold : therefore be cheer'd ;

Make not your thoughts your prisons.¹ No, dear queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Yourself shall give us counsel : feed, and sleep :

Our care and pity is so much upon you,

That we remain your friend ; and so adieu.

Cle. My master, and my lord !

Cæ.

Not so : adieu.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his train.]

Cle. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[whispers Charmian.]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cle.

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided :

Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

¹ '1. e. be not a prisoner in imagination when in reality you are free.'—Johnson

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit Charmian.*]

Cle. Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will be sent before.
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cle. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen : I must attend on Cæsar.

Cle. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cle. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald
rhymers

¹ Paltry, sorry.

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick ¹ comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels : Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy ² my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cle. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cle. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen ; go, fetch
My best attires ; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—sirrah, *Iras*, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed ;
And, when thou hast done this chare, ³ I'll give
thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ?

[*Exit Iras.* A noise within.]

¹ Lively, inventive.

² Female characters were formerly played by boys.

³ Task-work.

Enter one of the GUARD.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence :
He brings you figs.

Cle. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter GUARD, with a CLOWN bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cle. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.]*
Hast thou the pretty worm¹ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him ; but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal : those that do die of it do
seldom or never recover.

Cle. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday ; a very
honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty ;—
Now she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.

¹ Serpent.

Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm : but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cle. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cle. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.¹

Cle. Ay, ay : farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cle. Take thou no care : it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you ; for it is not worth the feeding.

Cle. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cle. Well, get thee gone : farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

¹ Act according to his nature.

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cle. Give me my robe ; put on my crown : I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare,¹ good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cle. This proves me base :
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,

1 Make haste.

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,

[to the asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied !¹

Char. O eastern star !

Cle. Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cle. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay— *[falls on a bed, and dies.]*

Char. In this wild world ! So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, Death ! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown 's awry ;
I 'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the GUARD, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly ; wake her not.

¹ Impolitic, thus to leave the means of death within my reach.



Tresham, del

Starling, sc

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*Cleopatra, Women, Guards &c
Act V. Scene II.*



1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all 's not well: Cæsar 's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! *[dies.]*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

[within.] A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done.

Cæ. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes; and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her
figs:

This was his basket.

Cæ. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæ. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:¹
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæ. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions² infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:

¹ Swollen.

² Experiments.

No grave upon the earth shall clip¹ in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Enfold.

CYMBELINE.

WAK.

XII.

L

HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

CYMBELINE.

This play is conjectured by Malone to have been written in the year 1609, although it was neither entered on the books of the Stationers' Company nor printed till 1623. The main incidents on which the plot rests occur in a novel of Boccace; but our author is supposed to have derived them from an old story-book popular in that age, intitled 'Westward for Smelts.' All he knew of Cymbeline he acquired from Holinshed, who is sometimes closely followed, and sometimes strangely perverted. This king, according to the old historian, succeeded his father in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus; and the play commences about the 24th year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the 42d of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian era; notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians, Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned 35 years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

This drama, if not in the construction of its fable one of the most perfect of our author's productions, is, in point of poetic beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most interesting; and ill deserves the

sweeping censure of Dr. Johnson, who decides its merits in the following summary manner :—‘ This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes ; but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility ; on faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.’

A R G U M E N T .

The princess Imogen, only daughter to Cymbeline, king of Britain, secretly marries an accomplished courtier, named Posthumus, whose presumption is punished by a sentence of perpetual exile by the angry monarch. Deprived of the society of his amiable wife, the banished Posthumus repairs to Rome, where his confidence in the unshaken attachment of his princess is unhappily exchanged into a conviction of her infidelity by the false intelligence which he receives from Iachimo, a perfidious Italian; and the misguided husband immediately despatches orders to Pisanio, a faithful attendant residing in Britain, to put his mistress to death. Disregarding these cruel injunctions, Pisanio induces the unhappy lady to avoid the malice of her stepmother, and the importunities of her son Cloten, by flight. Disguised in male attire, Imogen arrives near Milford-haven, where she procures hospitable entertainment in the cottage of Belarius, a banished nobleman in the garb of a peasant, who had revenged the injuries which he had formerly sustained at the hands of Cymbeline, by stealing his two infant sons, and educating them as his own in this retreat. Cloten shortly after arrives in pursuit of Imogen, and is slain by the eldest of the princes in single combat. In the mean time Posthumus and Iachimo accompany a Roman army to Britain, where Imogen, under the assumed name of Fidele, becomes a page to the Roman general, who sustains a signal defeat, in which the intrepid valor of Belarius and the two princes, assisted by Posthumus in the disguise of a British soldier, is chiefly conspicuous. Iachimo is taken prisoner, and makes a confession of his guilt to Cymbeline; Imogen is restored to her husband, Belarius pardoned, and the two princes publicly recognised; while the queen dies in despair at the loss of her son, and the disappointment of her ambitious projects.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, }
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, } Italians.

FRENCH GENTLEMAN, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

ROMAN CAPTAIN. TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

TWO JAILERS.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Britain. The garden behind Cymbeline's palace.

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN.

1 *Gen.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our
bloods¹

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gen.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gen.* His daughter, and the heir of his king-
dom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gen.* None but the king?

¹ Inclination, natural disposition.

1 *Gen.* He, that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gen.* And why so?

1 *Gen.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gen.* You speak him far.¹

1 *Gen.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;²
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gen.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gen.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,³ whom

¹ You are lavish in your encomiums.

² My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

³ The father of Cymbeline.

He served with glory and admired success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus ;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which, their
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest : lived in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved ;
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature
A glass that feated them ; ¹ and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gen. I honor him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 Gen. His only child.

¹ Formed their manners.

He had two sons : (if this be worth your hearing
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowlege
Which way they went.

2 Gen. How long is this ago ?

1 Gen. Some twenty years.

2 Gen. 'That a king's children should be so convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 Gen. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gen. I do well believe you.

1 Gen. We must forbear. Here comes the queen
and princess. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king.
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet

The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*

Imo.

O

Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man : I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I 'll move him
[*aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear¹ up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
[*putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles,
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I 'll place it

¹ Close.

ACT 1

II:

him
and

Exil.
cite





Hamilton del.

CYMBELINE

Imogen, Posthumus, Queen, Cymbeline, &c.

Act I. Scene II.

Starling sc.

Upon this fairest prisoner.

[putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Imo. O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught¹ the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. *[Exit.]*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare²
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

¹ Fill.

² A more exquisite feeling.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.¹

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow; and he is

A man, worth any woman; overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were

A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

They were again together: you have done

[to the Queen.]

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

¹ A puttock is a degenerate species of hawk.

Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.¹

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What
news?

Pi. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pi. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pi. On his command: he would not suffer me

¹ Consideration.

To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me,

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honor,
He will remain so.

Pi. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in :
there 's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[*aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body 's a passable carcass
if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel if it
be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o' the
backside the town.

[*aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord*. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [*aside*.

1 *Lord*. Stand you! You have land enough of
your own; but he added to your having; gave you
some ground.

2 *Lord*. As many inches as you have oceans.
Puppies! [*aside*.

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord*. So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [*aside*.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

2 *Lord*. If it be a sin to make a true election,
she is damned. [*aside*.

1 *Lord*. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: she's a good sign,¹ but
I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the re-
flection should hurt her. [*aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there
had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*aside*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

¹ i. e. a fair outside.

SCENE IV.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pi. 'Twas, ' His queen, his queen :

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief ?

Pi. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all ?

Pi. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pi. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him ; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle :
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pi-
sanio,

When shall we hear from him ?

Pi.

Be assured, madam,

With his next vantage.¹

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor ; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons,² for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words ; comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady.

The queen, madam,

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them des-
patch'd.—

Opportunity.

² i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer.

I will attend the queen.

Pi. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a DUTCHMAN, and a SPANIARD.

Ia. Believe it, sir; I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; ¹ expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes ² him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Ia. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.³

French. And then his banishment:—

¹ Increasing in fame.

² Forms.

³ Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

Ia. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colors, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less¹ quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance² of so slight and trivial a nature.

¹ Less for more; an error of frequent occurrence in our author.

² Importunity, instigation.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded¹ one the other, or have fallen both.

Ia. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report.² It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Ia. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Ia. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I

¹ Destroyed.

² i. e. which undoubtedly may be publicly told.

would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.¹

Ia. As fair and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Ia. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Ia. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Ia. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Ia. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

¹ Lover.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince¹ the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Ia. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Ia. I dare thereon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused² in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Ia. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too

¹ Overcome.

² Deceived.

suddenly: let it die as it was born; and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Ia. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation¹ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Ia. Yours, whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Ia. You are a friend,² and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Ia. I am the master of my speeches;³ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

¹ Proof.

² Lover.

³ I know what I have said.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Ia. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours: so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Ia. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

1 Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.——

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam : *[presenting a small box.]*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence,
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen.

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes, distil, preserve ; yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? ¹ I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

¹ Experiments.

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [*aside.*
Will I first work : he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended :
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm. [*aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*to Pisanio.*

Cor. [*aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think
she has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
dogs,

Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor.
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,¹
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends

[*the Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him? Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

¹ To change his abode.

What is more cordial :—nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do 't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ;¹ but think
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*—A sly and
constant knave,
Not to be shaken ; the agent for his master ;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers² for her sweet ; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too :—so, so ; well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pi. And shall do :
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

¹ Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes
you now change your present service. ² Ambassadors.

I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Another room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.¹—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pi. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Ia. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Ia. All of her that is out of door most rich!
[*aside.*]
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

¹ Which gives an additional relish to comfort itself.

She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*reads.*]—‘He is one of the noblest note,
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Re-
flect upon him accordingly, as you value your
trust——

‘LEONATUS.’

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm’d by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Ia. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath Nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish ’twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn’d stones
Upon the number’d beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
’Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Ia. It cannot be i’ the eye; for apes and mon-
keys,
’Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows¹ the other: nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Ia. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Ia. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir,
desire [to *Pisano*.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.²

Pi. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit Pisano*.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Ia. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Ia. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,

¹ Wry mouths.

² Shy and foolish.

He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Ia. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, ' O !

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ? '

Imo. Will my lord say so ?

Ia. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : but, Heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Ia. Not he : but yet Heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?

Ia. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me. What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Ia. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Ia. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—— But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.¹

Ia. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood; (falsehood, as

¹ What you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

With labor) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Ia. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Ia. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,¹
Would make the greatest king double! to be
partner'd
With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition²
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ven-
tures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!

¹ Sovereign command.

² Allowance, pension.

How should I be revenged? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Ia. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Ia. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us;—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Ia. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long.
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Ia. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Ia. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord: myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Ia. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,

(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great :
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you

To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

And pawn mine honor for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Ia. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Ia. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Ia. O, I must, madam :
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast,¹ to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : ha ?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord, nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? Would, he had been one of my rank !

¹ He is describing his fate at bowls, where the jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. To 'kiss the jack,' is a state of great advantage.

2 *Lord*. To have smelt like a fool. [*aside*.

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*aside*.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion¹ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

¹ Fellow.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in 't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy stepdame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand
o enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit*]







Westall, del.

Starling, sc

CYMBELINE.

Imogen and Iachimo.

Act II. Scene II.

SCENE II.

A bed-chamber ; in one part of it a trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed ; a LADY attending.

Imo. Who 's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes
are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :

Take not away the taper ; leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seised me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye ! *[sleeps.]*

IACHIMO, from the trunk.

Ia. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes,¹ ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed ! fresh lily !

¹ It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows ; white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.¹—But my design !
To note the chamber ; I will write all down :
Such and such pictures ;—there the window ;—
such

The adornment of her bed ;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such :—and the contents o' the
story :—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast,
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret

¹ i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins.

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up:—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawn-
ing

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*clock strikes.*

One, two, three!—time, time!

[*goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

An antechamber adjoining Imogen's apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss; the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble
temper of your lordship. You are most hot and
furious when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage.

If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord*. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; ¹ if it do not, it is a vice in

¹ I will pay you more for it.

her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season:¹ make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,

¹ With solicitations not only proper, but well-timed.

And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless? not so.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,
Attend the queen and us: we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mes.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[knocks.]

I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth; yea, and
makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
what

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[knocks

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more.

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister: your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir: you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompense is still,
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield. being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : i' faith.
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my
sin :

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad :
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : ¹ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

¹ Verbose.

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot ;¹
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,² a squire's cloth,
A pantler,³ not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee

¹ In knots of their own tying.

² A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

³ A pantler was the servant, to whom was entrusted care of the bread.

Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted¹ with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm: I kiss'd it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pi. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pi.*]

Clo. You have abused me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me: so I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

¹ Haunted.

Clo. I'll be revenged.—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly; and I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist¹ though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

¹ Statesman.

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,¹ they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Ia. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Ia. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Ia. 'Tis very like.

¹ To those who try them.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Ia. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Ia. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Ia. Not a word
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Ia. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowlege of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

Ia. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe, whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Ia. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride;—a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here by me,
Or by some other.

Ia. More particulars
Must justify my knowlege.

Post. So they must
Or do your honor injury.

Ia. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was, as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,





Westall, del.

Starling sc.

CYMBELINE.

Posthumus, Iachimo and Philario.

Act II. Scene IV.

Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Ia. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons¹
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Ia. Then, if you can,
[*pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel: see!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Ia. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet:
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said,

¹ Ornamented iron bars to support the wood burnt in chimneys.

She prized it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Ia. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; *[gives the ring.]*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—back my ring!
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Ia. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honorable:—they induced to steal
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her.

The cognisance¹ of her incontinency
Is this;—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Ia. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Ia. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Ia. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

¹ The token.

Thou hast made me cuckold.

Ia. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Ia. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency¹ so rosy, the sweet view on't

¹ Modesty.

Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not ?—
Or less,—at first : perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, O ! and mounted : found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it,
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why hers in part or all, but rather all ;
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Britain. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and, at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Lu. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it) for him And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself, and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, 'came,' and 'saw,' and 'overcame : ' with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles ! ¹) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks ; for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot ² fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
of them may have crooked noses ; but, to owe ³ such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay
tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a

¹ i. e. unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas.

² A giglot was a wanton wench.

³ Own.

blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) against all color,¹ here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry) Mulmutius made
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Lu. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then: war and confusion,
In Cæsar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,

¹ Without any pretence of right.

I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honor ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance : ¹ I am perfect, ²
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms ; a precedent,
Which not to read, would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Lu. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day or two longer : if you seek us
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is
yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Lu. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine :

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pi. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you
not

¹ At the extremity of defiance.

SHAK.

XII.

² Well informed.

P

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in¹ some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? 'Do't: the letter
[reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary² for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.³

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pi. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

¹ Overcome.

² Confederate.

³ i. e. I am unpractised in the commission of murder.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? *Leonatus?*

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
'That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love) of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave: bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers.
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[reads.]

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you, O the dearest of creatures! would not even
renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-haven. What your own
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
vow, and your, increasing in love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,¹
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pi. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-
sently,

¹ Crowd one word on another, as fast as possible.

A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's ¹ housewife.

Pi. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous country, with a cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys. This
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows
you
To morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet ² through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

¹ A freeholder with a small estate was denominated a franklin.

² Strut, walk proudly.

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to yon hill ;
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off ;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war.
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see :
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded¹ beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check ;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.²

Gwi. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is

¹ Scaly-winged.

² i. e. compared with ours.

A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.¹

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor; which dies i' the
search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must courtesy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once

¹ To overpass his bounds.

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and Nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
'The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say,—' Thus mine enemy fell ;
And thus I set my foot on his neck ;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is roused !
O Cymbeline ! Heaven and my conscience knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
'Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honor to her grave :
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : put thyself
Into a havior¹ of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before ; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand !
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pi.

Please you, read ;

¹ For behavior.

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads.*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed, the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me: I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pi. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,¹
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

¹ Persons of highest rank.

'To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed;
Is it?

Pi. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favor's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,¹ hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pi. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's
weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:

¹ 'i. e. the creature, not of nature, but of painting.'—
Johnson.





Haygar, del.

CYMBELINE -
Purvis & Ingham

Starling, sc.

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest
him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
'The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pi. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens¹ my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;
Something's afore't:—soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are be-
tray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

¹ Makes cowardly.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on,¹ how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pr'ythee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy
knife ?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pi. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pi. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labor ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee ?

Pi. But to win time

¹ Feedest or preyest on.

To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pi. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pi. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pi. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pi. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

'That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pi. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pi. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pi. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and

As quarrellous as the weasel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy !) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan ; ¹ and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pi. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, ² (which you 'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he 's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich : ³ and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There 's more to be consider'd ; but we 'll even

¹ The sun.

² Accomplished.

³ As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

SHAK.

XII.

Q

All that good time will give us.¹ This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pi. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and*
Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Lu.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym.

Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

¹ i. e. we will do what time will allow.

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Lu. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honor in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Lu. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Lu. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it honors
us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better :
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, Heavens, that, which I
fear,

Prove false ! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.

[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seised
her ;

Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor ; and my end
Can make good use of either : she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[*Exit Queen.*

Clo. I love and hate her, for she's fair and
royal ;

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ;¹ from every one
The best she hath ; and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked ; and, in that
point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her : for when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
sirrah ?

Come hither. Ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pi. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pi. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;

¹ i. e. than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

No farther halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pi. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pi. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowlege
Touching her flight. [*presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pi. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough ; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*aside.*

Clo. Humph !

Pi. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen !
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again ! [*aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pi. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
service ; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious in-
dustry ;—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do,
to perform it directly and truly ;—I would think
thee an honest man ; thou shouldst neither want
my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy pre-
ferment.

Pi. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pi. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pi. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pi. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pi. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-haven?

Pi. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pi. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labor be his meed!

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in ful-
ness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold.
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [*she goes into the cave*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman,¹
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:²
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savory: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
[*looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

¹ Hunter.

² Compact.

Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took. Good
troth,
I have stolen naught; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in¹ this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer

¹ In for into.

Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would, I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing¹ multitudes)
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

¹ Unsteady.

Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter TWO SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : he creates
Lucius proconsul ; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer, in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:¹ yet this imperseverant thing

¹ In single combat.

loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and, all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Before the cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: *[to Imogen.]* remain here
in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:
[to Imogen.]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and chaff differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course :¹ the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself : and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
' My father, not this youth.'

Bel. O noble strain ! [*aside*.
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health.—So please you, sir

¹ Keep your daily course.

Imo. [*aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court.

Experience, O, thou disproveest report!

The imperious¹ seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle,² but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick;

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,

¹ Imperial.

² Well-born.

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs¹ together.

Arv. Grow, patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come ; away.—Who's
there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mock'd me : I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws : hence.

Gui. He is but one : you and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

¹ Spurs are the longest roots of trees.

Clo. Soft! What are you,
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
'A slave' without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for 't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor¹
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

¹ Countenance.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear: but see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,¹
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For² we do fear the law? What company

¹ Conquer us.

² Because.

Discover you abroad ?

Bel.

No single soul

Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone : although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv.

Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel.

I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.¹

Gui.

With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,

¹ Did make my walk seem tedious.

And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenged :
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
venges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
'Tnou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his
arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze to show what coast thy sluggish crare¹
Might easiliest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made.
but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,² as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right
cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought, he slept; and
put

¹ A crare is a slow-sailing, unwieldy vessel.

² Stiff.

My clouted brogues¹ from off my feet, whose rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps :
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock² would,
With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

¹ Shoes strengthened with hobnails.

² The redbreast.

Arv.

Be 't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother ; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I 'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv.

We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for
Cloten

as quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui.

Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv.

If you 'll go fetch him,

We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east ;

My father hath a reason for 't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great :
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash :
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee,¹ and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee .
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

¹ Seal the same contract with thee.

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

Imo. *[awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-haven:
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night.—Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt¹ of nothing, shot at nothing,

¹ An arrow.

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear : but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
A headless man !—The garment of Posthumus !
I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face¹—
Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspired with that irregular² devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord : to write and read
Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top !—O, Posthumus ! alas,
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me !
where's that ?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be ? Pisanio ?

'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them

¹ His face like Jove's.

² Lawless, licentious.

HAVE laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!¹

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home.
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, CAPTAIN, and other Officers, and a
SOOTHSAYER.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Lu. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Lu. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Lu. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

¹ i. e. it is an apposite conclusion.

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now
sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me :
vision,

(I fast¹ and pray'd for their intelligence) thus :—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Lu. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Lu. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,

¹ For fasted.

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Lu. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Lu. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Lu. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir: but, first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep

As these poor pickaxes¹ can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er; I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Lu. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.²—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Hea-
vens,

¹ Fingers.

² i. e. bear him in your arms.

How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pi. Sir, my life is yours ;
I humbly set it at your will : but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here.
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally : for Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We 'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
[to *Pisanio*.

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen ?—

I am amazed with matter.¹

1 *Lord.*

Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront² no less

Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym.

I thank you: let's withdraw,

And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us; but

We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pi. I heard no letter from my master, since

I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:

Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

To yield me often tidings: neither know I

What is betid to Cloten; but remain

Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work:

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note³ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:

Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*

¹ Confounded by a variety of business.

² Encounter.

³ Notice.

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts ¹
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going ; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render ²
Where we have lived, and so extort from us
That which we 've done, whose answer would be
death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,

¹ Revolters.

² An account.

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires,¹ have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel.

O, I am known

Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance: and, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui.

'Than be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv.

By this sun that shines,

I'll thither. What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed

¹ i. e. their fires regularly disposed.

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not.
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys :

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long ; their blood
thinks scorn, *[aside.]*
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A field between the British and Roman camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I
wish'd

Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many

Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on¹ this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
 alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
 hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
 Heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

¹ Incite, instigate.

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Ia. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,¹
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[*Exit*]

¹ Clown.

[the battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Lu. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such,
As war were hoodwink'd.

Ia. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Lu. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a BRITISH LORD.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought : the king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf ;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country ;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,¹ than to commit such slaughter ;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
'Than those for preservation cased, or shame)
Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,—
' Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may
save,

¹ A rustic game, vulgarly called prison-base.

But to look back in frown : stand, stand.'—These
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, 'Stand,
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
A rout, confusion thick : forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ;
slaves,

The strides they victors made : and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need ; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
Some slain before, some dying ; some their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs¹ o' the field.

¹ Bugbears, terrors.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :—
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end ?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you are angry.
[*Exit.*

Post. Still going ?——This is a lord ! O noble
misery !

To be i' the field, and ask what news of me !
To-day, how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses ! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too ! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly
monster ;

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him :

For, being now a favorer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again

The part I came in : fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take : for me, my ransom 's death ;
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again ;
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is
taken :

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly¹ habit,
That gave the affront² with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported :
But none of them can be found.—Stand ! Who is
there ?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service,
As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

¹ Simple, rustic.

² Attack.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS. ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS and TWO JAILERS.

1 Jail. You shall not now be stolen; you have
locks upon you :

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 Jail. Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Jailers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,

I think, to liberty : yet am I better

Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had
rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured

By the sure physician death, who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?

So children temporal fathers do appease :

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,¹
Desired, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire :
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it :
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
 powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [he sleeps.

Solemn music. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sic. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies :

¹ Fetters.

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law:

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Mother. Lucina lent not me her aid
But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sic. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mother. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo.

Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck ¹ and scorn
O' the other's villany ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came.
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hata
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sic. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Mother. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sic. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

¹ Bubble.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Ju. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you,
ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross, to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*ascends*]
Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sic. The marble pavement closes ; he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away ! and, to be bless'd,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers : but (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake. Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas ! I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors ; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare
one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*reads.*] ' When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many

years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter JAILERS.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness.—O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor

and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump¹ the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

¹ Hazard.

Post. Thou bringest good news : I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer ; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone : yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman ; and there be some of them too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good : O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promised naught
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pi. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[to *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :
Arise, my knights o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

'There 's business in these faces : why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? You look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seise the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty; was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love¹
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

¹ i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love.

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you : in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show ; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the SOOTHSAYER, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind, and
IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
'The Britons have rased out, though with the loss
(Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So think of your estate.

Læ. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword : but since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on 't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat : my boy, a Briton born ;—
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,¹ so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
ness

Cannot deny : he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His favor² is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,

¹ Ready, dexterous.

² Countenance.

And art mine own.—I know not why nor where-
fore

To say,—Live boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Lu. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Lu. The boy disdains me ;
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak :

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not;
forbear:

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see farther.

Pi. It is my mistress:
[aside.]

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, *[to Iachimo.]* step
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On; speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post.

What's that to him?

[aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Ia. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym.

How! me?

Ia. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Ia.

That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail¹ to remember;—give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Ia. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, would

¹ Sink into dejection.

Our viands had been poison'd, or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy,
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight¹ Minerva,
ostures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
F irness, which strikes the eye;—

Cym.

I stand on fire:

C me to the matter.

Ia.

All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which, by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

¹ Pight, for pitched, fixed.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Ia. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat, I, wretch !
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular¹ proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus, averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet.
(O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks

¹ Counterfeit.

Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she herself.¹
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [*striking her: she falls.*

¹ i. e. she was not only the temple of Virtue, but Virtue herself.

Pi. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honor'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pi. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pi. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pi. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowlege, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,

Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you ?

Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again. [embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [kneeling.]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not ;

You had a motive for 't. [to Gui. and Arv.]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and 'long of her it
was,

That we meet here so strangely : but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pi.**My lord,*

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: by accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor: what became of him,
I farther know not.

*Gui.**Let me end the story:*

I slew him there.

*Cym.**Marry, the gods forbend! ¹*

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

*Gui.**I have spoke it, and I did it.**Cym.* He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;

¹ Forbid.

And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew ;
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;
[to the Guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
'Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—By leave ;—
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd

Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them: but, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children.
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,

To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce¹ abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.²—Where? how lived
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

¹ Vehement, rapid.

² i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct in an ample narrative.

Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[to Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Lu. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomeed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd: that I was he.
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might

Have made you finish.

Ia. I am down again : [*kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee.
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
'The malice towards you, to forgive you : live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law.
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord or
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows ¹
Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him show

¹ Ghostly appearances.

His skill in the construction.

Lu. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Lu. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*reads.*] ‘When as a lion’s whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.’

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*to Cymbeline.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp’d¹ about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

¹ Embraced.

Personates thee ; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym.

Well,

My peace we will begin :—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd ; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline.
Which shines here in the west.

Cym.

Laud we the gods ;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave

Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hindes shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chase on every plain ;
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Beloved till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

END OF VOL. XII.



